My license expired back in two thousand two
I tried to renew, but it was too hard to do
The internet told me to take Lyons Ave.
Juke Boy Bonner had a different point of view

Now I grocery shop at gas stations so I don't have to drive
Very far from home unless there's something I've
Just got to see for myself like this youtube from a cell phone
Of Elvis Presley's ghost hanging round the Astrodome

Montrose looks nothing like I remember
I used to know to turn left when I saw the cross dressers
Now it's all antiques and clothing boutiques
And the cars parked on the streets

Cost more than my house and it makes me worry
I might bump one get sued and so I hurry
To find a freeway ramp, then turn the radio on
Fifty nine to six ten and I'm good as gone!

Say I'm a real good driver and I merge expertly
But the road signs back in Houston all read missing elderly
Birds fly south for the winter and moss grows north on a tree
But the road signs back in Houston still read missing elderly

I missed one exit, two, now I'm stuck
Between three SUVs and a HEB truck
Is that spaghetti noodle down there six ten?
Man, if I don't exit soon it'll mean Fort Bend

For the last twenty miles I've been trying to merge right

I'm stuck in Olber's Paradox of screaming red brake lights

I can make it if I cut that dude sending a text and ride the bumper of that soccer mom changing a DVD and here's an exit! Brake slam solid wall of feeder traffic - ho, shit I'm on highway six!

Ancestry dot com says I have Columbus in my family tree

But the road signs back in Houston all read missing elderly

I'm not lost, there's the southern star I see

But the road signs back in Houston still read missing elderly

Maybe I'll ask for direc…. shaw, whom I kiddin'?

Even if I wanted to it's too late I've ridden

So far off the beaten track I'm at the foothills of Mordor

I feel the pull of the abyss just outside the car door

Dark is the night, empty is the gas

I'm coasting to a stop beside an ocean of grass

It's been hours since I've seen a car or a cow

And the only water bottle I've left has pee in it now

I shouldn't have left home, I should not have grown old

Funny thing about Texas is the nights get cold

Lock the doors, ignore that lonesome howl

And maybe live to see another dawn somehow

Okay, I'm lost. Are those the Marfa lights I see?

And the road signs back in Houston still read missing elderly

Better dig my grave big enough to fit my car with me

And the road signs back in Houston will forever read missing elderly

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Texas. Just saying it is like slapping a gun down on the table. The room gets real still. People start shifting in their seats, cutting their eyes towards one another; waiting, wondering. Somebody grins - the corners of her red lips rising mischievously. Maybe she likes a good story. Somebody else curses under his breath. He mutters something about "...trash..." and moves closer to the door. Maybe he was born in Oklahoma.

Texas. A gun on the table. Heroes. Outlaws. Everything in between. Nobody knows exactly how it'll turn out, but one thing is for certain:

It's gonna be big.